

HUSBAND RESCUED DESPAIRING WIFE

After Four Years of Discouraging
Conditions, Mrs. Bullock Gave
Up in Despair. Husband
Came to Rescue.

Catron, Ky.—In an interesting letter from this place, Mrs. Bettie Bullock writes as follows: "I suffered for four years, with womanly troubles, and during this time, I could only sit up for a little while, and could not walk anywhere at all. At times, I would have severe pains in my left side.

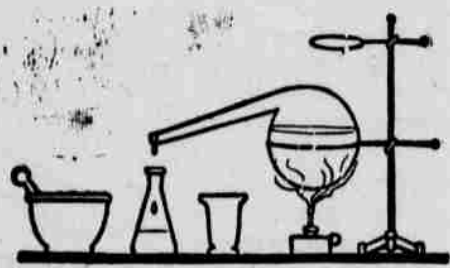
The doctor was called in, and his treatment relieved me for a while, but I was soon confined to my bed again. After that, nothing seemed to do me any good.

I had gotten so weak I could not stand, and I gave up in despair.

At last, my husband got me a bottle of Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I commenced taking it. From the very first dose, I could tell it was helping me. I can now walk two miles without tiring me, and am doing all my work."

If you are all run down from womanly troubles, don't give up in despair. Try Cardui, the woman's tonic. It has helped more than a million women, in its 50 years of continuous success, and should surely help you, too. Your druggist has sold Cardui for years. He knows what it will do. Ask him. He will recommend it. Begin taking Cardui today.

Write for: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and full-page book, "How to Treat Women," sent in plain wrapper. 10c



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who was taking toll, and Lorelei felt a certain pity for him. With Robert Wharton liquor intensified a natural aggressiveness until it cloyed. His amenities were monstrously magnified; he became convivial to the point of offensiveness. In the course of this metamorphosis, he was many things, and through such a cycle he worked to-night while the girl looked on.

Overcoming his ill-gardied instincts, Jimmy Knight, as the evening progressed, assumed the burden of entertainment. He, too, adopted a spendthrift gaiety and encouraged Wharton's libations, although he drank little himself.

There came a time when Bob could no longer dance—when, in fact, he could barely walk—and then it was that Jim proposed leaving. Bob readily agreed—having reached a condition of mellowness where he agreed enthusiastically to anything—and Lorelei was only too glad to depart. She had witnessed the pitiful breaking down of Bob's faculties with a curious blending of concern and dismay, but her protests had gone unheeded. Having had a glimpse of his real self earlier in the evening, and being wise in the ways of intemperance, she felt only pity for him now as the three made their way downstairs.

While Jim went in search of their belongings, Bob propped himself against the wall and regarded her admiringly through eyes that were filmed and unfocused.

"Fairly princess, you are more adorable every minute," he said, thickly. "Yes! A thousand yeses. And I'm your little friend, eh? No more slaps, no more mysterious exits, what?"

"That depends upon you."

"I'm behaving nicely," he ventured. "I usually act much worse than I have tonight, but I like you. I like you differently—understand? Not like the other girls. You're so beautiful! Makes me dizzy. You forgive my little joke eh?"

"What joke?"

"Meeting you the way I did tonight. Jim's nice boy—obliged to him."

"I see. Then it was all planned?"

He nodded vehemently and nearly lost his balance.

"How much—did you pay him?" Lorelei queried, with difficulty.

Mr. Wharton waved his hand in a magnificent gesture. "What's money, anyhow? Somebody's bound to get it."

"Fifty dollars?"

He looked at her reproachfully. "That's an insult to Jim—he's a business man, he is. More than that—Oh, yes, and I'll take care of him again—this very night. I'll stake him. He knows a place."

"Will you do me a favor?" she asked, after a pause.

Wharton assured her with abnormal emphasis that her slightest wish was law.

"Then go straight home from here," she pleaded.

"I say, that's not fair." Bob looked ludicrously shocked. "I promised Jim—wouldn't have me break a sacred promise, would you? We're expected—little game all arranged where we can bust it quick. If you hear a loud noise—that'll be Melcher going broke."

"Melcher?" Lorelei looked sharply at her brother, who was approaching with her wraps, and noted that he was perfectly sober. A moment later she checked Bob in the act of giving directions to the cab driver:

"Wait. Where do you live, Mr. Wharton?"

"The Charlevoix." It was the most expensive bachelor apartment building in the city.

"Drive to the Charlevoix," she told the chauffeur.

"Hold on, sis," cried Jim. "We're going to take you home first."

"No."

"But—" Jim saw in his sister's face something that brought a smothered oath to his lips. Drawing her out of

CHAPTER XI.

During the last act of the matinee on the day following Lorelei was surprised to receive a call from John Merkle. "The Judge" led him to her dressing room, then shuffled away, leaving him alone with her and Mrs. Croft.

"I hope I haven't broken any rules by dropping in during your office hours," he began.

"Theatrical rules are made to be broken; but I do think that you are indiscreet. Don't you?"

The banker had been using his eyes with an interest that betrayed his unfamiliarity with these surroundings. "I was on my way uptown and preferred not to telephone." He looked meaningfully at Croft and Lorelei, interpreting his glance, sent the dresser from the room on some errand. "Well, the game worked," said Merkle. "Mrs. Hammon has left home and commenced suit for divorce. If our friend Miss Lynn had set out to ruin Jarvis socially—and perhaps financially—she couldn't have played her cards better."

"Is that what you came to tell me?" Merkle hesitated. "No," he admitted. "It isn't; but I'm a bit embarrassed now that I'm here. I suppose your mother told about seeing me?"

"My mother?" Lorelei's amazement was convincing, and his keen eyes softened. "When did you see mother? Where?"

"Yesterday, at my office. Didn't you know that she and your brother had called?"

Lorelei shook her head; she felt sick with dread of his next words.

"It was very—unpleasant, I fear, for all of us."

"What did they—want?" The girl was still smiling, but her lips beneath the paint were dry.

"They felt that I had—er—involved you in a great deal of notoriety. From what they said I judged that you shared their feelings." He paused awkwardly once more, and she motioned him to continue. "We didn't get on very well, especially your brother and I; for he presumed to—criticize my relations with you and—er—my motive in taking you to ride the other night. I believe I was quite rude to him; in fact, I had the watchman eject him, not daring to trust myself."

"They asked for—money?" Lorelei averted her face, for she could not bear to meet his frank eyes.

"Yes—what I considered a great deal of money. I understood they represented you. They didn't insist, however; they offered me a choice."

"Choice? Of what?"

"Well—I inferred that marriage would undo the wrong I had—"

"Oh—!" Lorelei rose with a gasp. Bravely she stifled the tremor of her lips. "Tell me—the rest."

"There isn't much more. Your mother was quite hysterical and—nasty. Today a lawyer came to see me. He offers to settle the whole matter, but I prefer dealing directly with you."

"Do you think I knew anything about it?" she cried, indignantly.

"No, I do not think so now. Yesterday I was too much surprised and too angry to know just what I did think. It's perfectly true, however, that I was to blame for the unfortunate outcome of the ride, and I want to make amends for any injury—"

"Weren't you injured, too, by the publicity?"

Merkle showed his teeth in a mirthless smile.

"That's neither here nor there."

"Please—leave me, and—let me think this over. I must do something quickly, or—I'll smother."

"I'm glad I came," said he, rising. "I'm glad I made sure."

"So am I. What you have told me has made a great difference in—everything. Don't allow them to—!" She hesitated and her voice broke. "I can't say it. You must think I'm—unspeakable."

He shook his head gravely. "No, I merely think you are very unfortunate. I think you need help more than any girl I ever knew."

"I do. I do."

"But I am not the one to give it—at least not the kind of help you need."

"I'll need help more than ever—after tonight."

"Yes? Why?"

"Because I'm going to leave home," Lorelei's head was up, and she spoke with a note of defiance.

"Then perhaps I can do something."

He seated himself again. "You will need money."

"Oh, no. I have my salary and the other revenues you know about."

"I'm going to tell him he's being taken to a crooked gambling house, and that you're working for Max Melcher. He isn't too drunk to understand that."

Her brother clenched his fist menacingly, but she did not recoil, and he thought better of his impulse.

"Are you grand-standing?" he queried, brutally. "Are you stuck on the boob? or do you want your bit?"

Without reply she walked back to the cab, redirected the driver to the Charlevoix, then seated herself beside Wharton, who was already sinking into a stupor. Jim slunk in behind her, and they were whirled southward.

It was a silent ride, for the besotted young millionaire slept, and Jim dared not trust himself to speak. Lorelei closed her eyes, nauseated, disillusioned, miserable, seeing more clearly than ever the depths into which she had unwittingly sunk, and the infamy to which Jim had descended.

At his hotel Wharton roused himself, and Lorelei, sent him reeling into the vestibule. Then she and Jim turned homeward through the deserted streets.

"Make an End of It. I'll Finance You."

miss the money, and I'd really love to do it. You tried to do me a favor—"

"There's no use arguing."

"Well, don't be stubborn or hasty. You could use—say, ten thousand dollars. It would keep you going very nicely, and really it's only the price of a new auto."

"Why do you offer me so much?" she asked, curiously.

"Because I like you— Oh, I mean 'like,' not 'love.' Because I think you're good and will need money to remain good. You're not an ordinary woman, Miss Knight; you can't live as ordinary women live, now that you're famous. New York won't let you."

"You're very kind and generous after all that has occurred and after knowing my reason for being here."

"My dear child, you didn't choose your family, and as for the other, the women of my set marry for money, just as you plan to do. So do women everywhere, for that matter, and many of them make excellent wives—yes, far better than if they had married poor men. Few girls as beautiful as you in any walk of life are allowed to marry for love. Trust me, a woman like you, if she lives up to the obligations of wifehood, deserves better than one who takes a man for love and then perhaps goes back on her bargain. Will you accept my offer?"

"No. But I thank you."

"Think it over; there is no hurry, and remember I want to help." With one of his infrequent, warm smiles, he extended his hand, and Lorelei grasped it warmly, though her face was set and strained.

She was far too well balanced for hasty resolutions, but her mind, once made up, was seldom changed. It distressed her grievously to leave her people, but at the thought of remaining longer with them every instinct rebelled. Her own kin, urged by greed, had not hesitated to cheapen and degrade her; their last offense, coupled with all that had gone before, was more than could be borne. Yet she was less resentful than and, for it seemed to her that this was the beginning of the end. First the father had been crippled, then the moral fiber of the whole family had disintegrated until the mother had become a harpy, the brother a scamp, and she, Lorelei, a shameless hunter of men. Now the home life, that last bond of respectability, was to be broken.

Her first impulse was to take up her abode with Adoree Demorest, but a little thought showed the inadvisability of that. In her doubt she appealed to Lilas, broaching the subject as the two girls were dressing after the performance.

When Lorelei had made known her decision, the other girl nodded her approval.

"I don't blame you a bit; a girl needs liberty. I have five rooms, and a Jap to take care of them; they're lovely."

"I can't afford an expensive place."

"Well, there are some three-room flats in the rear, and—I have it! Gertrude Moore kept one, but she's gone on the road. It's all furnished, too. If it hasn't been subtlety you can get it at your own terms. The building is respectable, too; it's as proper as the Ritz. I'm dining alone tonight. Come to dinner with me and we'll find out all about it."

Lorelei would have preferred a different location, not particularly desiring to be near Lilas; but there was no time in which to look about, and the necessity that faced her made any assistance welcome. Without more discussions she agreed, and the two girls rode uptown together.

The Elegancia, where Lilas lived, was a painfully new, overelaborate building, with a Gothic front and a Gotham rear—half its windows pasted with rental signs. Six potted palms, a Turkish rug and a jaundiced Jamaican elevator boy gave an air of welcome to the ornate marble entrance hall.

Lilas fitted a key to the first door on the right as they went in, explaining, "I'm on the ground floor, and find it very convenient."

Continued Next Week

Literature is a very bad crucible, but a very good walking stick.—Charles Lamb.

Hope ever urges on, and tells us tomorrow will be better—EX.

"Are You Stuck on the Boob?"

hearing, he muttered, angrily, "Mind your own business; I've got something on."

"I know you have." She met his eyes unflinchingly. "But you shan't rob him."

Jim thrust his thin face close to hers, and she saw that it was distorted with rage. "If you don't want to go home, stay here. He's going with me."

"We'll see."

She turned, but he seized her roughly. "What are you going to do?" he demanded.



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Have kept my family for two years."

"Work won't hurt you, but why force yourself to go on with those other things? They're not to your liking, I'm sure."

"My mother and father must live. There isn't enough—don't you see? There just isn't enough for all of us unless I—graft like the other girls."

Merkle broke out impatiently: "Make an end of it. I'll finance you." She laughed a little harshly. "Don't think for an instant that I'd venture to expect anything in return. I won't trouble you; I won't even see you. Nobody will ever know. I wouldn't."



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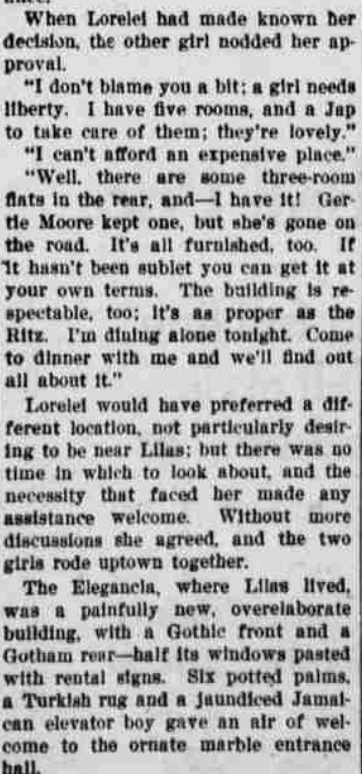
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A BIT OF PHILOSOPHY
FROM
WET WEATHER TALK
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

It hain't no use to grumble
and complaine;
It's jest as cheap and easy
to rejoice.—
When God sorts out the weather
and sends rain,
W'y, rain's my choice.

Men ginerly, to all intents—
Although they're apt to grumble some—
Puts most theyr trust in Providence,
And takes things as they come.

In this existunce, dry and wet
Will overtake the best of men—
Some little skift o' clouds'll shet
The sun off now and then.—

And mayby, whilse you're wundern who
You've fool-like lent your umbrell to,
And want it—out'll pop the sun,
And you'll be glad you hain't got none!

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| For blackberries | 4 |
| For strawberries | 4 |
| For huckleberries | 4 |
| For quince | 4 |
| For wild grapes | 4 |
| For peaches | 4 |
| For Bartlett pears | 4 |
| For pineapples | 4 |
| For crab-apples | 4 |
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